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THE GREAT CANAL ARCHITECT.

* τους δε σωφρονας

Θεοί φιλουσι, και συγουσι τους κακους.

LIFE OF JAMES BRINDLEY.

WITH more than sentiments of common awe, I take up my pen, while I meditate the character of a man who transcends all his competitors in the labours of present utility, and permanent benefit, to the country in which the great disposer of human destinies has placed his lot: with more than common admiration do I consider the character of a human being which rises from amidst the avalanches of poverty, prejudices, ignorances! and the dark oppressiveness of discouragement, opposition, and envy: with more than ordinary love do I behold him who by surplusage of advantage to the community in which he passes his personal existence, devises and carries into effect, benefits in which all the human family may participate: with more than common rapture do I consider him whose generosity of soul, past comprehension of little, monopolitical minds, communicates the bright gleamings of its hard acquired knowledge, to every fellow being who loves improvement, or who wants it and is alone unable, or thinks itself unable, uninstructed, to acquire it.

That a poor boy, a day labourer at thirteen years of age, without an acquaintance with the Chaldee language, or the Hebrew language, or Greek, or the very first rudiments of the Latin! without the instruction of monk, or school, or college, or private professor; without being able to read Euclid in Greek, or Whiston in Latin; nay, without being at first acquainted with the a, b, ab, of his own language; that such a one should rise by his industry, honest, unassisted, honourable industry! from supporting an aged mother, kindly and affectionately, to support his master, and a master's large family in comfort respect, and abundance; and that he should rise afterwards, in spite of opposition and artifice, unassisted, and uninstructed, to shew knowledge to the highest learned, to contribute in a principal degree to advance his country to an ascent of unexampled prosperity, and leave behind him wonders, immense, gigantic, and almost everlasting for the admiration and instruction of the world: this is an example of sublimity! Sublime and modest. Ye men of Sophism and Classics, what say you to such an humble man? Is the chance encreased of forming such a one on the models of Lucian, or Petronius or—Virgil! Or the Mythology, or the transmutatory and basely mundane adventures of a set of be-

beings great only in abominations? Or is such a man to be formed on the Gordian principles, stupifying confusion, and bloody zeal of polemic times and barbarous Latinity? “Ye little stars hide your diminished rays”! “God loves the modest but he hates the intolerant assuming!”

Mr. Brindley was born in the year 1716, in the village of Tunsted, in Derbyshire, a mountainous county of England. His family were of very small property, and obscure indeed, if the impositionary language, of the Herald's colleges of Emperors and Princes, could cast the reproachful shade of obscurity upon a family which produced a man nobler in the incessant labours of his mind, and their great and national good resultings, than all the members of all the heralds colleges of his time, put together. If we were to attempt in the stile of a FRANK and ingenious man of our own country, to supply the place of a genealogical tree, and the college seals, for him, by the fancies and guesses of verbal derivation, the syllabification of his name would still not enable us to obtain an acknowledgment for it in the chapter of any order of noblesse from one extremity of proud Europe to the other. Posterity however will always, like the wise Chinese, consider the family ennobled upwards, for having produced such a man. True Christianity and God make no distinctions tending to affirm false obscurities. Mr. Brindley's Creator vouchsafed to him an abundance of the divine light which was strong to break the obstacles of prejudice and error before it; his name does not stand in need of pedigree.

His education was utterly neglected. The little boy was suffered to run wild and idle, who was afterwards to convert bleak wilds into scenes of happiness and industry. His father had a small cottage and a very small freehold—both were neglected—all was sold. But when we speak of persons connected with such an elevated being as him whose course of life we are now bringing our imaginations to follow; *de mortuis nil nisi bonum!* Young Brindley derived no benefit from his father while he lived, and he was left early an orphan. To obtain subsistence for himself and his remaining parent, the poor boy was forced to seek the hardest work as a chance labourer. He was a kind son to her while she lived, and the Almighty rewarded him for it in the subsequent career of his days. Happily for Brindley even thus early that he possessed the soft tenderness of filial reverence so fully as it was his blessing to feel. It preserved him from bad company. It preserved him from idle habits. It preserved him from vice, from drunkenness, from all the fatuitous evils which lead to the contraction of perversity of temper and are the cause of withholding many young men in the unformed clay of ignorance, who might rise up and dis-

tinguish themselves by eminent and glorious powers like our Brindley.

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is left to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

While this good lad was totally unconscious of other people observing his good conduct in all its minute attentiveness, it was remarked. A millwright named Bennet, who resided near Macclesfield in Cheshire, being pleased with the poor fellow, young Brindley at the age of seventeen bound himself, for seven years, apprentice to him. Mr. Bennet was a worthy man and his gentle treatment made an impression on Brindley's mind which was never forgotten. Where there is genius there is usually sensibility. The unthinking, the unfeeling, and the capricious, who constitute the far greater part of our miserable species, do not conceive this sensibility rightly: perhaps in a few instances from being intuitively unacquainted with it. Many beings bearing the shape into which the great author of every good deigned to breathe the breath of his own spirit, chuse to mistake their pleasures so much as, for a pastime, painfully to provoke, the sensitiveness they observe to be strange compared with what they know of themselves. Brindley had much of this to encounter, to buffet and to volt over. His master spared him and made a friend, whose respect, attention, and bounty, never failed during his life, and was efficient for his family afterwards. The opportunities of instruction however for the apprenticed modest lad were few. His master was most frequently absent, for weeks, and months together. The unrecognised possessor of talents that have outrivalled the works of the mighty Archimedes, was left alone, without instruction, to occupy himself in works whose only object sometimes was to afford him occupation; and sometimes, works of the greatest consequence. What was the young man to do alone? He did not understand the far greater part of what was left him to do. And he had no instructor at hand, no journeyman, no master. Did he idle?—No. He was diligent. He worked on while he could guess at the propriety of what he was doing, and when he doubted he studied, tried again, turned the thing in his mind, attempted it again, and persevered until he succeeded. When he was left without work he always contrived to devise for himself some attempt of ingenuity, or some masterpiece in proportion and combinement. Thus did the very want of instruction prove the school of improvement to Brindley. At his master's return he was repeatedly surprised to behold pieces of work and improvements in machinery of which he had no previous conception.

** Τὸν ποῦαν

Παλαιοὶν ἡμῖν πάντα τὰ γὰρ θαύματα θεοί.

(To be Continued.)

Remains of the Gaels.

GREENVALE, (ANTRIM) IRELAND, Aug. 21.

The remains of a navigating vessel have been lately discovered on Ballywillaun Bog (*spungy heath ground*) part of

the lands appertaining to the liberties of Coleraine and about a mile's distance from the town of Port Rush. This bog is elevated more than forty feet above the level of the sea. That circumstance does not prevent many persons from conjecturing that this was a sea vessel. They instance that the sea has been receding many centuries in the neighbourhood of Port Rush, and in many other places in the North of Ireland. We are forced to acknowledge on the authority of the strongest natural testimony as well as written and printed authentications, that the lands of Cloughborr, Crocna-mac, Kernabaun, and Mahheremena, were formerly covered with the waters of the sea; and that the hill on which Port Rush stands, was surrounded like the Skerries, with water. Bogs have risen, have sunk, and have actually moved their situation. This is all incontestable; but we have no recorded instance of bogs rising out of the sea. To suppose a communication between the bog and the sea, which is a notion with some people, is not more reconcileable with our records of natural proceedings or the miracles of hydrostatics. It is to be regretted by the learned amateurs of antiquities that this vessel was torn up and almost carried off before any of the cognoscenti could get a sight of the construction or its lodgment. I will endeavour to give a description from what I have seen and collected. The vessel must have been of the burthen of fifty tons. The thickness of the out side boards is an inch and a quarter. The ribs are eight inches broad, five thick, and from seven to eight feet long: many of them exceed this measurement.

No remain of keel or mast could be discovered. The vessel was imbedded in a rising bank, or mount, forty feet across and eight high, consisting of stones and clay intermixed with peat substance. This bank is fifteen rods, measured from the edge of the bog, and the bog has been cut away all around it. Several bones have been found in the mount, but those who found them were not skilled to know what species of animals they might have belonged to. They moulder quickly in the air. The wood however is good for burning and other uses. It is all oak, and extremely black as is the case with all the timber that has been found in bogs. The predominating fluid principle in the bogs preserves wood to an undetermined duration of time; but here is a proof that bones are not equally preserved by it. Some silver coins have been found in the place at the same time but the letters or effigy cannot be distinctly traced by any person who has yet seen them. Here is perhaps a subject for chemical speculations, both as to the injury sustained by metals in bogs, and the means of aiding our antiquarians in their researches on coins and metal objects found in them, &c. By strict comparison perhaps, with other ancient coins sufficient resemblances might be traced to infer from the legible one resembling, the period at which the vessel was grounded there and the purposes for which she had been used. Every yet discovered circumstance considered, it is likely that the place where the bog now stands was once a lake. The vessel might probably have been used as others now are upon other lakes, to transport goods or passengers, and she might have been lost, by grounding upon this bank before it was left uncovered by the water. Or, it might have been used as a place of safety for the wo

men and children during a time of sudden invasion or while the feuds that frequently arose among the Erse chieftains were deciding by "the contest with the glittering spear." We have many indications for presuming that caves were resorted to at such times. Some caves have been discovered which render it doubtful whether they were used for places of concealment, or as cemeteries only to preserve the bones and ashes of the ancient inhabitants. I have seen large quantities of ashes taken out of many such caves in this part of the country, and distinct vertebræ have been found in them, resembling those of the human back.

The quantity of ship plank, and frame work, taken out of the bog, agrees with the account of the size of the vessel when discovered. A great many cart loads have been taken away by the country people who are privileged on these liberties,

PHILIP MOORE.

The Voltigeurs.

The conscription, perpetually resorted to, throughout the many countries under the French dominion, admits of no exemption on account of particular size, nor on account of certain common personal debilities, such as hernia, &c. which are sufficient causes for rejecting men from the regular troops and enlisted or ballotted militia of other countries. It is found that some men, who cannot bear cavalry exercise, will do very well on foot; and that men who would die with infantry marching, will endure very well the fatigues of horsemanship. Men labouring under constitutional diseases will do as well for a few seasons as the halest. Any human being will do to stop a bullet almost as well as another. At least so say the French warriors, *et ils ont raison*.

In all other countries the handsomest men are selected for the military service. The French (more considerate towards the ladies?) certainly more wise, send a portion of the decrepid and unsound, to take their chance likewise. A much more important improvement has been made in the French armies, by the adoption of a new class of troops, from the suggestion of the great Julius Cæsar, the distant precursor and strict prototype of the great man who now "bestrides the world." Precisely and avowedly the Voltigeurs are adopted into the French service upon the same principle that a similar body of men were selected and trained by Julius Cæsar. Our readers will all recollect the period. It was just before the decisive battle between Cæsar and Pompey, at Pharsalia. Pompey was much superior in cavalry. Cæsar chose a number of the most active men among his troops; trained them to *Volt* up behind his horsemen, jump down, up again, and manœuvre, and fight along with them according to order and occasion. The event justified his calculations. He won the battle by his javelin men and the volters (*Voltigeurs*.) Now it so happens that the elastic, short, tight made men are the most active, endure great fatigue longest, and are the lightest for horses to bear, particularly as this volting is liable to give the animals not only sudden but extremely violent shocks. The voltigeurs, then, are a descrip-

tion of light infantry, trained to act with any body of cavalry, in the manner mentioned, or separately; in files or ranks between the horses; seated behind the troopers; or as *tirailleurs*; or in battalion. They are of all sizes from five feet eight inches to any height of active men; but they are all chosen of sound body, wind, and limb; and they must be capable of extraordinary activity and endurance: it is a corps of rivalry in the army.

The British in rivalry of the French, have also voltigeurs in their armies. There are some of this *arme* of troops now serving in Canada.

HOUSSARD.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful, or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong, and outrage with which earth is filled!

There is no milk in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man. The natural bond
Of brotherhood, is severed; as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a...thought,
Not coloured like his own! and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a—worthy cause!
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey!
Lands intersected by a narrow frith,
—Abhor each other! Mountains, interposed,
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

Thus, man devotes his brother! and destroys!
And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest, blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his good
With stripes! that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast!

Then what is man?—And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man!
I would not have a slave, to till my ground,
To carry me to fan me while I sleep
And, *tremble when I wake!*—for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned."

Commodore Perry, while in Albany, lately, spoke in the highest terms of the Kentucky volunteers, and in strains of admiration of the venerable Shelby. He represents the Kentucky volunteers as courageous even to imprudence, and liberal, generous and humane, almost to a fault.

We have not heard of a single act of retaliation, cruelty, pillage or insult, inflicted by them upon the fallen foe. They twice conquered as it were—first by their arms, and then by

their humanity. What magnanimity! What a lesson for soldiers! We know not what effect such conduct will produce upon the foe; but it is said to have produced the most unbounded submission and confidence in their savage allies. They came pouring into Detroit by hundreds, "nay thousands—met in council," and through their orator, tendered to the American commandant their submission, in the following unqualified and pathetic terms:—

"*Father*—We are now unarmed; we are at your mercy; do with us as you think proper. Our squaws and children are perishing; we ourselves are perishing—if you take us by the hand, we are willing to take up the tomahawk against any power, either white or red, as you may direct."

They were taken by the hand, fed, and sent—where! To pour out upon the enemy that measure of horrid evils, which he had prepared to devastate our frontiers? No! but to their *homes*—monuments of a policy as honorable to human nature, as to the American government and armies.

The letter from the Prince Regent to Lord Wellington, is highly spoken of. It is of the following import.

"*Carlton House, July 3, 1813.*"

"MY DEAR LORD—Your glorious conduct is beyond all praise and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing else to say, but devoutly to offer up my prayers of gratitude to Providence, that it has in its omnipotent bounty, blessed my country and myself with such a general. You have sent me among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French marshal, and I send you in return the truncheon of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts which have so imperially called for it. That uninterrupted health and still increasing laurels may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the never ceasing and most ardent wishes of, my dear lord, your very sincere and faithful friend,

G. P. R.

"*The Marquis of Wellington.*"

The following portrait is a part of the address of the Crown Prince of Sweden to his army, on the day before the rupture of the last armistice and recommencement of hostilities in Germany. He next day appeared in the field against his former *equal general in chief*. We have to acquaint our readers that the Crown Prince of Sweden was never inferior to Bonaparte since the French revolution until the latter personage became chief of the entire French government. Bernadotte was in fact a senior general before him, and an officer of rank when the Emperor was only a poor lieutenant. His Imperial Majesty had once his nick-name as well as the celebrated Mr. Cobbett's "old brother serjeant." The Cobbetts in that kind of wit were pleased to term him as his old school fellows sometimes continue to do, "le petit caporal."

"*Soldiers*—Your sovereigns have felt that Europe is a great family, and that none of the States of which it is composed

can remain indifferent to the evils imposed upon any one of its members by a conquering power. They are also convinced that when such a power threatens to attack and subjugate every other, there ought to exist only one will among those nations that are determined to escape from shame and slavery. Napoleon cannot live in peace with Europe, unless Europe be his slave. Three hundred thousand Frenchmen perished in the expedition against Russia, which made every effort to preserve peace with France. It was to be expected that terrible disaster, the effect of Divine vengeance, would have inclined Bonaparte to a less murderous system—that he would have renounced the idea of subjugating the continent, and have consented to let the world remain in peace—but this hope has been disappointed—and that peace which all governments had desired, and which every one proposed, has been rejected by the Emperor Napoleon.

"*Soldiers!*—The same sentiment which guided the French in '92, NOW ANIMATES THE ALLIES against those who have invaded the land which gave you birth, and hold in chains your brethren, your wives and your children.

"*CHARLES JEAN.*"

Head Quarters, Oranienburg, Aug. 15, 1813.

From a recent number of the London 'Morning Chronicle' an opposition paper of the *première volée*, we extract the following:—

"The following most singular and extraordinary narrative has arrested the attention of the highest circles: its *verification is not within our recognizance*—

"A distinguished foreigner, resident in this country, and intimately connected with Vienna, has been privately informed, that during the armistice, letters purporting to be from the late queen of France, had been secretly transmitted to the emperor of Austria, in which the deceased invoked his imperial majesty most seriously to remember the sacred obligations of affection and consanguinity which had existed between them; and never to forget the inhuman and unexampled cruelties inflicted on herself, and on her family—to be no longer a participator in murder, pollution, tyranny and rapine; the awful crisis had arrived.—

"His own happiness here and hereafter depended on his decision." These letters were short, impressive and devout, written in a hand writing which when compared with the queen's, was a perfect *fac simile*.

"The impression on the wax, the same she used in corresponding with her family.

"To increase the appearance of supernatural agency, they were deposited during the night in a mysterious manner, which evaded all inquiry and research.

"The emperor paid a marked but silent attention to their contents, and gradually became serious, meditative and restless; when he was addressed finally in the same secret manner, and informed, in the most minute way, of his own wretchedness and feelings; that his remedy was in his own hands; that by joining the allies he would rescue Germany and save himself; and in two years regain his original title, and all his ceded dominions."

Is this a false assertion in toto? Why shall statesmen descend to contemptible falsehoods that cannot impose upon any good understanding? Or what advantageous end can be obtained by giving more density to the pernicious clouds of superstition which ought rather to be dispelled by the effulgence of plain reason, the strong beams of truth?

Gentle readers, you suspect not, for you are unknowing of the finish which simulation has attained by the practice of falsely ingenious designs. The price of public funds and all merchandize has been many times injuriously affected by forged news. The great fortress of Magdeburg was surrendered on an order fabricated by the enemy of the garrison, perfectly resembling an authentic one from their monarch. And we have seen things laid before readers as actual documents, although they, plainly to the eye of understanding, bore internal demonstration of their disingenuity.

A Hale Old Age.

Mr. Bowman, of Irthington, near Carlisle, in the North of England, bids fair to rival the fame of Parr or Jenkins. He lately attained his 107th year. He shaves himself with ease and expedition; can read the smallest print without the assistance of glasses; has his hearing in perfection; sleeps soundly; and never knew an hour's sickness. Though no enemy to a "cheerful glass," he has been but twice intoxicated with liquor. Of a well managed constitution, he can boast of being able to contest the palm of labor with the most robust young men of the district—whether it be in the operations of mowing, hedging, threshing, &c. During last winter he actually employed himself in daily breaking the ice with a spade in order to water his cattle. Walking over his grounds with two gentlemen who had visited him, they came to a running water. With some difficulty his younger companions got across. They made a motion of assisting him, when Mr. B. smiling at the idea that he needed help, leaped over with the agility of a grey-hound.

William Penn.

William Penn, once coming up from New-Castle to Philadelphia, a friend in the vessel remarked that "both the wind and the tide were against them." William immediately replied, that himself "had been sailing all his life against wind and tide." The allegory was aptly descriptive of the difficulties which this good man encountered in the world, and which he overcame by meekness, wit, and perseverance. We now enjoy, in every part of a vast and populous country benefits which are yet derived from the philanthropic virtues of the great founder of Pennsylvania.

LUCIS ALM.

A very sanguine, if not a wise politician, has predicted that before Christmas, we shall have conquered the Canadas; and before the close of another campaign, Nova-Scotia will form part of the United States. In speaking of the cost, he ob-

serves that the coal of Nova-Scotia is worth to us as much as seven years war will cost.

It is supposed by some of the advocates of the war, that the coal mines in Nova-Scotia are worth three hundred and ten millions of dollars. If so we can afford to fight exactly seven years for these mines.

Escape from fearful danger..... On Monday, the 14th ult. lieutenant John Fee of the U. States army, was on his way to Meadville, when within five miles of that place, a tree fell upon him and his horse in the road; his horse was smashed down and the saddle broke before and behind.—There being a fork in the tree, one branch struck on the pommel and the other on the cantle of the saddle; he escaped with his life! much bruised on his thighs and back by the branches. He is recovering.

Mr. Payne, of Boston, after having performed in London several times during the last winter season, has been performing at Liverpool, England. He had a benefit which was attended by the wealthy and fashionable inhabitants of that city. At the close of the evening, he took his leave of the audience in an address, which was received with much sensibility. The next day a letter of thanks was sent to him by the managers of the theatre; but containing also some expressions of regret that his engagement had not proved lucrative.

RAISED TO THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged, beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe;
Receive the blessing; and adore, the chance
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestored by this, despair your cure:
For, here resistless demonstration dwells!
A death bed's a detector of the heart.
Here, tired dissimulation drops its mask!"

Another Veteran of the Revolution gone.

DIED.....At Harrisburgh, (Pa.) on the 16th Nov. 1813, in the seventy first year of his age, Major General Andrew Porter, Surveyor General of that State. After spending a life in which he rose to distinguished military and civil appointments, by exertions and acquirements purely his own.....this patriot of the revolution, in an advanced period of usefulness and renown, has sunk to death beneath the stroke of time, to the most poignant regret of his family, his numerous friends and country. With a conscience replete with virtue and integrity, he has quit this transitory life, leaving a memory encircled with the esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a man of unblemished reputation, a kind parent, a warm friend,—in fine a hero of the revolution. So long as the recollection of that important era in his country exists, the memory and name of this good man and citizen will be revered.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 27, 1813.

Lately at Weimar, in Saxony, the philanthropic and lofty Wieland, one of the noblest poets of the age. After the great battle of Jena, in the vicinity of which place he lived, the Emperor Bonaparte partook of a breakfast with the good old man, and conversed with him upon the folly and horrors of war, and various projects for the establishment of perpetual peace.

In Philadelphia, on the 5th instant, in the 58th year of his age, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with great fortitude, Gen. William Macpherson, a distinguished officer in the American army during the revolutionary war.

On the 9th inst. at his residence in George street, Charleston, S. Carolina, Peter Freneau, Esq. aged 57 years, formerly Editor of the 'Charleston City Gazette.'

Tribute to departed worth, by a subscriber to the National Museum.

On the 8th of Sept. last, in the 72d year of her age, died to this world, in happy willingness to embrace the pleasure of her divine maker in the life that is better...the much respected Mrs. Susanna Owings, of the celebrated Sulphur Springs, near Baltimore; wife of Mr. Caleb Owings, proprietor of the springs and lands. She was kind, hospitable, cheerful and bountiful; an agreeable acquaintance, and a tolerant, fervent friend. She possessed a solid understanding which remained with her to the last, and supported her under a long course of illness. In the maternal character she was estimable; and as a grand parent, few equalled her. To sum up her modest, admirable catalogue of virtues, she was most pious; unaffectedly devout; and an amiable, venerable lady.

Dear, sainted friend! though thou no more art here,

Thy memory yet is dear;

For thee we breathe the sigh;

Thy good deeds live: thy virtues we revere.

SUSA * * * *

MARRIED.

At Cambridge, Maryland, on Tuesday, 9th inst. Mr. Lyles R. Robinson, of Jefferson county, Virginia, to Mrs. Catharine W. Patterson, daughter of Doctor Richard Goldsborough of Cambridge—In Baltimore, Sunday, 14th, John M'Henry, Esq. of this city, to Miss Martha Hall—Thursday, 18th, Samuel B. Martin, Esq. of this city, M. D. to Miss Ann Fisher—Sunday, 21st, Mr. Denis Manon, to Mrs. Bridget Karol, both of Baltimore county.

CONDITIONS.

The price of the NATIONAL MUSEUM is FIVE DOLLARS a year, payable in advance—Country, yearly—City, half-yearly. Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

Booksellers and authors who wish to have works noticed in this paper, or reviewed by us, will please to forward, printed or manuscript copies, free. Artists and Artizans will be so good as to forward their descriptions or notices, in like manner. Discoverers of Mines, Quarries, Minerals, and Mineral Springs, also. Specimens sent to us shall be assayed and analysed, for subscribers, gratis.

We are desirous to present our readers with a summary, regularly, of each week's news, down to the moment of our impression. We refer to the principles laid down in our Prospectus, for those which guide us in this most difficult part of our performance. We are not to be understood as giving our authority for any articles which appear in our abstract, unless we so distinctly express. Reports inconsistent with truth, at certain times gain credence; and truth itself is a hazardous assertion in some crises. As time, and concurring testimony, shall enable us to exercise judgment, we propose, according to encouragement, and other discretionary circumstances, to lay before the public, a perfect historical series, of all the events of our time. We have the determination, to give those gentlemen and ladies, who kindly patronize our labours, a periodical register, complete in every respect attained by any of our predecessors, and combining a mode of development at once full, distinguishing and simple. In the mean time, for the reasons thus understood, we hope we shall be allowed tolerance, for sometimes preferring abridgement of details, to one entire summary, in the Gazette part of our paper.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The American force gone down the St. Lawrence is 14,000 to 16,000 men. It is stated they mean to capture the fortified place of Prescott before they go on to Montreal. General Wilkinson has landed below Prescott with 8,000 men. His rear was attacked on the 11th inst. near Cornwall, opposite Hamilton, by 1,600 troops from the garrisons of Kingston and Prescott. The enemy were twice repulsed, the third time routed with the loss of 185 prisoners. Our loss was considerable. General Covington was wounded, mortally.—General Boyd commanded. The British have received a reinforcement of eight more regiments from Europe, amounting to, as it is said, 7 or 8,000 men: a much larger number than the average of their one-battalion regiments. General Hampton is said to be going into winter quarters. Doubtful. Contradicted. The Governor of Vermont, Mr. Chittenden, has recalled the militia of that state from the command of United States' Officers; but ordered them to hold themselves completely ready, to defend their state. A victory has been gained over the Creek Indians, on the 3d inst. at Tallushatches (Indian Town) by Gen. Coffee of the Tennessee Militia.—186 Creeks killed, 80 wounded and taken. Some Cherokees under Col. Brown, also two of Chenaubby's sons, and Jim Fife of the Natchez tribe fought on the American side, and distinguished themselves. One of the Prophets was killed. 46 Americans killed and wounded. The Creeks fought determinedly to the last man. Not one asked to be spared!—North Carolina and Georgia are busy about an amendment of the U. S. Constitution, relative to the election of President and Vice-President. Major Gen. Pinkney has acquainted the Governor of N. Carolina, officially, that the general government has received information from Halifax, of a contemplated expedition against the southern ports.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

GREAT IS THE DIFFERENCE.

Some Angel guide my pencil! while I draw
What nothing less than Angel can exceed;
A man, on earth.....devoted to the skies:
Like ships at sea, while in—above the world!

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount, serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob, a wandering herd, he sees
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike:
His full reverse in all!—What higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right!

The present all their care: the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to —Fame!—his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues.....varnish nature: his, exalt!
Mankind's esteem they court;—and he,....his own.
Theirs the wild chace of false felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true.

Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one colour, and of even thread:
While party coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A stage play robe, each puff of fortune blows
To tatters by—and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs. Where they
Behold mere show, he espieth the Deity.
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees:
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They, things terrestrial, worship as divine;
His hopes, immortal, blow them by as dust.
That, lifts his sight and shortens his survey,
Which longs in infinite to lose all bound.
Titles and honours, if they prove his fate,
He lays aside, to find his dignity.
No dignity they find, in aught beside,
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse!
Himself, too much he prizes to be proud;
And, nothing thinks so great in man, as Man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade.
Their int'rest, like the Hyæne, lives on prey.
They murder, for the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.

Naught, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart, their character defends:
A cover'd heart, denies him half his praise
With nakedness, his innocence agrees;
While their vain foliage testifies—a fall.
Their no-joys, end, where his full feast begins.
His joys create, theirs damn, the future bliss.
To triumph, in existence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun!
His glorious course, was, yesterday, complete.
Death, then was welcome; *yet life still is sweet.*

YOUNG

CHUSE THE PERMANENT.

Beauty is but a vain, a fleeting good;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when almost in the bud;
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.
A fleeting good; a gloss; a glass; a flower:
Lost, withered, broken, dead within an hour!
As goods we know when lost are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite,
As flow'rs when dead are trampled on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite:
So, beauty! blemished once, is ever lost;
In spite of physic, painting, pains and cost.

SHAKSPEARE.

AUX AIMABLES DEMOISELLES.

Le tems, de vos attraites detruira le prestige.
Pour l'hiver de vos ans cultivez votre esprit,
Et songez, si la fleur en nos champs se flétrit,
Que le fruit peut du moins parer encor sa tige.

SONNET.—TO VERY YOUNG LADIES.

The attraction of the loveliest face,
Beauty of person, youth's soft grace,
And eyes which gallant hearts subdue,
Brilliant with jet and heavenly blue:
All, all must fade before stern age.

Time all mortal charms does banish,
Think deep on this; nay, ere they vanish,
Other charms should be your care,
Those that truly heavenly are.

Thus: like some plants of loveliest bloom;
When the winter's frost is come,
The fruit shall smiling, live and thrive.
Take heed, fair ones! timely strive!
Let nature's signs your thoughts engage!

C. ami.

Let no presuming impious railer, tax
Creative Wisdom! as if aught was formed
In vain; or not for admirable ends!
Shall, little, haughty, ignorance,....pronounce

Those works unwise, of which the smallest part,
Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind!
As if, upon a full proportioned dome,
On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art,
A critic fly, whose feeble scan scarce spreads
One crooked inch;—with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.

Lives there the man, whose universal eye
Hath swept at once th'unbounded scheme of things,
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
And with unfault'ring accent can pronounce,
That this availeth naught? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, less'ning down
From infinite perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing? desolate abyss!
From which astonished thought, recoiling, turns!
Till then, alone let, zealous praise, ascend!
And hymns of holy wonder! to that power,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely in our minds,
As on our smiling eves, his servant sun.

THOMSON.

WISEST, GOOD, AND BEST.

Methinks the world seems oddly made,
And every thing amiss,
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
And instanced in this:

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

"While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows;
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

"My better judgment would have hung
The pumpkin on the tree;
And left the acorn slightly strung,
Among things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
No farther faults descry;
For upwards gazing as he lay,
An acorn loosen'd from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for the sin;

Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.

ANONYMOUS.

Yes: every poet is a fool!
To demonstration — can shew it,
Happy could his inverted rule,
But shew each fool to be a poet.

PRIOR.

The zest of joy sublime his mind consoling,
For all the bitterness of earthly leaven;
"The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

S*****

Through many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've bent my way,
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the strangers ills a prey,

While steering thus my course, precarious,
My fortune has been still to find,
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But lovely woman, ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone;
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
And comforting with gentlest tone.

No rude delay, no rough suspicion,
Stints the free boon of woman's heart;
Her thoughts spurn not the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Formed in benevolence of nature,
Confiding, modest, quick, and mild;
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town, and savage wild.

When parched with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave;
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her looks, her smiles, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's gen'ral blessing,
From sultry India to the Pole.

TRAVELLER LEDYARD.

To rectify an omission in our last number we request our subscribers to affix a mark of reference at the end of the article dated Baltimore, 17, and the beginning of that quoted in abstract from the National Intelligencer.